

# The Weekly Museum.

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## THE HOSPITABLE HIBERNIAN:

OR, THE IRISHMAN'S CABIN.

"CHARITY, for the love of Heaven! to the widow of a soldier, who has three little innocents to support. Your honor is a soldier yourself, and will pity the necessities of those whom war has reduced to the lowest indigence!"

These words, though uttered by a young woman of extraordinary beauty, and who possessed an openness of countenance which spoke the veracity of her assertions, had yet no effect on the heart of a very shewy young officer; who, at the time of her application, was alighting from his horse. Too full of his own situation to attend to people so immensely beneath him, he entered the mansion of his friend, whose estate he expected shortly to marry; for the lady, by means of whom the conveyance was to be made, was by far the least object of his attention.

Fortunately for the poor mendicant, the Captain's servant had a heart rather more penetrable than his master's; in short, if his head had been half so soft, he would have been the greatest fool in the universe.

Patrick, during the short time requisite to assist his dismounting master, had been wonderfully struck with the groupe before him. One little boy, abashed at the superb appearance of the officer, had got behind his mother's apron; from whence he shyly peeped at his brother, who imitated the manual exercise with a stick, which was as much his hobby horse in that position as any other could convert it to. The youngest, a girl, was in the arms of her mother, whose beauty she reflected in miniature, though fatigue and care had considerably dulled the once sparkling eyes of the widow. "And pray, good woman," (says Patrick) how long have you lost your husband? by my soul it was foolish of him to leave so many pretty *craters* behind—"

"Alas! (said Mary, for that was the widow's name) if you had known my poor William, you would have pitied his fate; little did I think of losing him so soon! Had it pleased Heaven to have taken me, instead of him—"

"I should have pitied him a great deal more! (interrupted Patrick) but rest yourself a moment in that barn, (continued he) and when I have put up my horses, I'll come to you again." Nor did the honest fellow delay his intentions; for, having performed his office, he returned to Mary, whom he conducted to the cabin of his father; where, through the interest of Patrick, she met a cheerful reception.

Though Patrick was amply rewarded by the pleasure he took in making them all as happy as he could, he yet expressed a farther wish to be acquainted with the widow's story; not so much from curiosity, as from a hope of rendering her father assistance.

"It is painful, (said Mary) to look back upon misfortunes—mine began with my birth. My mother died soon after I was born, and my father when I was very young. An uncle took care of me, and the little property left by my father;

which, though very small, was sufficient to make my uncle wish it his. With this view, on my being seventeen years old, he listened to the proposals of a neighboring farmer; who, spite of my dislike to him, was so partial to me, that he offered to wave all right to my father's legacy. He was not a young man, and he was very ugly; but, as my uncle was not to marry him, he thought all that of no consequence. One little circumstance, however, disconcerted his scheme: I was already married to my dear William; who, from being a play-fellow with me, had contracted an affection, which on my side was as warmly returned. William assured me, that the only way to prevent my uncle's *refusing* his consent, would be, *never to ask it*; and, as I had my own reasons for being of the same opinion, we were privately married.

"My uncle, upon intimation of this, turned me out of doors, and William called on him next morning to desire my father's legacy might be sent after me. My uncle talked a great deal more than William could understand, and then called in a lawyer to explain his meaning, who puzzled poor William ten times more. In short, my uncle had *possession*; and, after my husband had spent all his cash, we were obliged to give up all our hopes; for our lawyer, who told us the more money we spent the better it would be, when he found we had no more, accepted a bribe from my uncle, and left us in the lurch. I wondered at it then, but have since learnt such things are very common. All the law which we had paid for was now of no use: we had two children, and were almost starving, when William unluckily took it in his head to go for a soldier; he said the war might enable him to make his fortune, and future happiness would recompence us for a present parting. I would have had him turn lawyer, since they get money so easily; but was told it required less honesty, and more cunning, than William's, to thrive in that profession. In short, William went, notwithstanding all I could say to the contrary, after prevailing on a few friends to put me in a little shop, and bidding me be cheerful and industrious till his return. For a while I heard frequently from him, and things went well enough; but a report being now prevalent that he was dead, and I receiving no more letters, those friends of William's who had assisted in settling me at his departure, began to talk of wanting their own, and told me what a pity it was I had offended my uncle to marry a vagabond, I had nothing to do, but hear them patiently, and cry when they were gone: but, at length, my hopes being quite extinguished, for I had still thoughts my poor William might be alive, I fell sick; and my creditors employing that very lawyer who had before done us so much harm, he seized on my shop, and as he said it would be cruel to send me to goal, I was once more turned out of doors, and my little ones—the youngest born since William's departure—with their mother, left to the mercy of the wide world. I had heard Billy's regiment was in Ireland; and a kind-hearted seafaring gentleman offering me a passage, I thought it

better to seek news of him myself than to write; and, if I failed, it would be no worse starving among strangers than with friends who had twice used me so cruelly. When we landed, the master gave me a little money to assist me on the road. My former illness, however, returning on the way, I was obliged to stop till I was better in my health, but so poor in pocket, that yesterday I laid out my last halfpenny in bread for my children; and, for their sakes, was I obliged to-day to ask that charity you now bestow on me. I am sure you will lose nothing by it; for the parson who married William and I, and who to my sorrow died soon after, for he taught me a great deal, and was a very good friend, used to say, that whoever is made the instrument by which the Almighty pleases to do us good, will never want that kindness which he is permitted to render to others."

"And I don't know a greater kindness any body could do me, (returned Patrick) than to set me within reach of a friend or two, or an uncle, or a lawyer that you have been just mentioning, may I never see sweet Ballyhannan again, if I would not—"

A loud knock at the cabin door prevented Patrick from giving farther vent to the overflow of honest indignation which rose in his breast. It was night, and heavy storm of hail rattled against the window; a voice from without demanded shelter. Patrick half opened the door; and was requested by a genteel young man on horseback to permit himself and servant to alight there, as they had lost their way. "To be sure I will! (says Patrick) step in, your honor, I'll help your man to put the poor beasts in a good stable, and perhaps procure you a better birth than this poor cabin affords."—"I desire no better, (replied the gentleman) but if you can house my horses, do; for they have been rode hard to-day." Patrick answered with a bow, and set off with the servant and horses to the great house hard by, where he knew he might rely on his master's interest to fulfil his own promise: for though the Captain would not relieve a poor woman and three children, the distress of a man of fashion was quite another affair.

Patrick's father, in the mean time, did the honors of his little cabin: the gentleman ate brown bread; drank home-brewed beer; kissed all the children; and guessing at their mother's situation, forced her acceptance of a guinea. The tears of gratitude were yet in her eye, when Patrick and the servant returned. On the entrance of the latter, who before had staid without, Mary fainted—it was her William!—he flew to her the gentleman was astonished, and Patrick whistled an Irish jig. An eclairsissement speedily took place. William had been taken prisoner, in company with his present master, whose life he had preserved; his master was exchanged, on condition of not bearing arms during the present war: he had therefore procured William's release and discharge: taken him into his service; and the vessel in which they were returning having been driven on the Irish coast, they quitted her took horses, and where on their road



to some nearer conveyance for England, when William, inwardly vexed at the supposed protraction of his absence from Mary, was conducted by Providence, unexpectedly to her arms!

His master, on hearing the story, liberally rewarded the kindness of honest Patrick; and, having conveyed William and Mary to his own estate, where he comfortably settled them in a farm, it is hard to say whether he *felt*, or *dissembled*, more pleasure, in at once performing an act of generosity, and discharging a debt of gratitude.

#### A SPECIMEN OF THE SCOTCH DIALECT,

Being an account of the trial of Margaret Fisher, for privately stealing; with the singular evidence given against her. From the Malefactors Register, or Newgate and Tyburn Calendar. In September 1722.

**A**ND leek yer loardship, I had just tak'n my wages, thirteen guineas in goud, and was gawn alang King-strate, in Westmanster, when I mat wi' this fow quean at the bare, and the speird where I was gawn; I tau'd her hame. She said, gen I wad ga wi' hur tull Joanny Davis's hoose she wad gi' me a drame, Sir, for, in troth, she tuck me for a poor gawkey, boss-headed chiel, and leek yer loardship. Sa she tuck haud o' my haund, and lad me a agat I kenna' reet weel. And when we came tull Joanny Davis's hoose, she caud for muckle beer and braindy, and gard me as bung as a swobe, and leek yer hoanour. I staid there wi' hur a pratty while; and thane, Sir, I pit my hand untill my bricks, to feel for money to pay the rackoning; but the deel a baubie could I find, for it was aw tint. And when I speird about it, they glowred, and tau'd me, gen I wonna' tack my sel awaw, they wad gar me ga, wi' a deel tull me; and sa Sir, they dang me fu' fair, and turned me oot at the back door intull the strate, and I rambled a-boot, and cou' na' find the hoose agen; and the wattachmen mat wi' me, and carried me intull the roond-hoose, and thare I tau'd em' hoo I had been roabed. The neist moorning I gade and food oot Joanny Davis's hoose, but she was rin awaw and the prafoner too. But at neet, aboot seven a cloke I mat wi' this ampudent betch at the bare, and tuck hur up. I ken weel enuh that she must ha' my goud, for na faul alse was wi' me but Joanny Davis, wha brote what we caw'd for.—Let hur denec it an she can—somebode (but I kenna' whaw it was) offered me sax guineas in my haund to make the matter up, but I winna' tack it.

In her defence the prisoner alledged, that meeting with a coachman and the prosecutor, the former asked her to drink; on which they went to the house of Mrs. Davis; but that she sat on the opposite side of the room that the prosecutor did, and had not robbed him; and that nothing was found upon her when she was searched.

But the jury not believing her allegations, and as she had no person to appear in behalf of her character, she was found guilty, and received sentence of death. However, she pleaded that she was pregnant; and a jury of matrons finding this to be the fact, she had the good fortune to be respited, and afterwards pardoned.

#### MAXIM.

**I**T is with gratitude as with honesty among traders, it helps to carry on business; and we pay, not because we ought, but in order to find easier credit another time.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

#### SOLUTION OF THE REBUS IN OUR LAST.

**W**AR, horrid War, th' ambitious few  
For private ends too often do pursue;  
Involving mankind in a direful fate,  
Which Reason's voice exhorts to deprecate.

ALEXANDER gain'd, by this, immortal fame,  
And had the Great subjoin'd unto his name,  
Strangel that a man shou'd gain such wide applause  
By Right o'erthrowing, and subverting Laws.

SECRETS, which men with caution shou'd reveal,  
Women, 'tis said, cou'd never yet conceal:  
'Tis shameful, thus, to libel this fair race;  
Letena toungeless loudly pleads their case.

HEARTS, which the beam of pow'rful beauty fire,  
Thrill, throb, & glow with fond & fierce desire,  
The gentle blisful flame of hope they prove,  
Or burn with all the pangs of jealous love.

IMMORTALITY, great and god-like dole,  
Sublimest essence of th' eternal soul;  
Hail, emanat'on of the pow'r divine!  
Marking the difference between man and swine.

NATURE! thou parent of a wond'rous birth,  
Whose womb was chaos, & whose offspring earth,  
Thou, in abundance, dost man's wants supply,  
And furnish pleasures for his ear and eye.

GREECE, fam'd for arts and arms in days of yore,  
When *Law was Liberty*—is now no more!  
That land is to her sons a living grave,  
Which but supplies the tyrant and the slave.

TANT'LUS, as legends tell, and poets sing,  
Was once, that *doubtly* being, call'd a King!  
To Tartarus hurl'd, hunger and thirst's his fate,  
While fet before him are both drink and meat.

OCEAN, which navigation now has made  
The common road of commerce and of trade,  
Wealth wafts to some, with undulating wave,  
While some beneath its surges find a grave.

NERO evinces strongly to mankind  
That *power corrupts and taints the human mind*;  
E'en he once wept a culprits hapless lot,  
Ere rule corrupted he *himself* forgot.

These give the name of WASHINGTON renown'd  
That hero, wonder of the worlds around,  
Who, shunning slaughter, met the hostile war,  
And drove *Bellona* from her bloody car;  
Amidst the shock of arms so great, serene  
Like th' *preserving* God of Battle he did seem;  
Upon his conquests no dire ills ensu'd,  
No ravish'd maids, no wanton waste of blood,  
He did not fight for empire or a name,  
He fought to vindicate man's native claim;  
Fair Freedom's banner boldly *be* unsarl'd,  
And led the champions of th' *enfranchis'd* world,  
Burst thralldom's bonds, push'd usurpation down,  
Then on the people's heads plac'd th' imperial crown.

#### TO RELIGION.

**H**AIL, sacred Goddess! offspring of the skies!  
How dost thou sink each vice, each virtue rise;  
Dispel the clouds that overspread the mind,  
And bid the thoughts aspire to blis refin'd—  
Unmingled happiness, sincere delight—  
While earthly joys diminish on the flight.  
My soul's high powers supine and torpid lay,  
Till rouz'd to life by thine efficient ray;  
But now celestial light my breast pervades,  
And sin looks black as the infernal shades;  
Dark Ignorance and Error take their flight,  
As fly, at morn's approach, the shades of night.  
MESSIAH bright and amiable appears:  
Burns my glad heart! and all my soul revere!

#### SLAVERY OF MARRIED WOMEN, IN SOUTH AMERICA.

**F**ATHER Joseph Gumilla, in his account of a country in South America, bordering upon the great river Orinoko, describes pathetically the miserable slavery of women there, and mentions a practice that would appear incredible to one unacquainted with the manners of that country; which is, that married women frequently destroy their female infants. A married woman of a virtuous character and a good understanding, having been guilty of that crime, was reproached by our author in very bitter terms.—She heard him patiently to the end of his discourse with eyes fixed on the ground, and answered as follows: “I wish to God, father, I wish to God, that my mother had, by my death, prevented the manifold distresses I have endured, and have yet to endure as long as I live.—Had she kindly stifled me at my birth, I should not have felt the pain of death, nor numberless other pains to which life hath subjected me. Consider, father, our deplorable condition. Our husbands go out to hunt with their bows and arrows, and trouble themselves no farther. We are dragged along with one infant at our breast and another in a basket. They return in the evening without any burthen; we return with the burthen of our children; and though tired out with a long march, and not permitted to sleep, but labour the whole night in grinding maize to make chicha for them. They get drunk, and in their drunkenness they beat us, draw us by the hair of the head, and tread us under foot. And what have we to comfort us for slavery, perhaps of twenty years? A young wife is brought in upon us, who is permitted to abuse us and our children, because we are no longer regarded. Can human nature endure such tyranny? What kindness can we shew to our female children, equal to that of delivering them from such servitude, more bitter a thousand times than death? I say again, would to God my mother had put me under ground the moment I was born.”

#### RUSSIAN BARBARITY.

**M**ADAM Lapouchin, the great ornament of the court of Petersburg, during the reign of the Empress Elizabeth, having contracted an intimacy with a foreign ambassador, was brought under suspicion of plotting with him against the government, and was accordingly condemned to undergo the punishment of the knout. At the place of execution she appeared in a genteel undress, which heightened her beauty. Of whatever indiscretion the might have been guilty, the sweetness of her countenance, and her composure, left not in the spectators the slightest suspicion of guilt. Her youth also, her beauty, her life and spirit pleaded for her. But all in vain: she was deserted by all, and abandoned to surly executioners, whom she beheld with astonishment, seeming to doubt whether such preparations were intended for her. The cloak that covered her bosom being pulled off, modesty took the alarm, and made her start back; she turned pale, and burst into tears. One of the executioners stripped her naked to the waist, seized her by both hands, and threw her on his back, raising her some inches from the ground. The other executioner laying hold of her delicate limbs with his rough fists, put her in a posture for receiving the punishment. Then laying hold of the knout, a sort of a whip made of a leather stray, he retreated a few steps, and with a single stroke tore off a slip of skin from the neck downward, repeating his strokes till all the skin of her back was cut off in small slips. The executioner finished his task by cutting out her tongue; after which she was banished to Siberia.



SATURDAY, September 5, 1795.

**V**ARIOUS and exaggerated reports have been circulated throughout the country adjacent this city, and in most of our sister States, that a Malignant Fever is prevailing in this place:—We can assure the public, from the best authority, that there has been fewer deaths, this, than at any other season, for eight or ten years past. And that there is no fever of an Epidemic nature, in New-York.

Bets are now depending here, that *one third* more people died at Philadelphia in the months of July and August, than in New-York. It is a fact, that New-York is in a more healthy state than common at this season. Every precaution is taken to prevent infected West-India, and other vessels from approaching, which even Philadelphia is as much exposed as we. The circulation of such false accounts discovers both weakness and wickedness.

About ten o'clock on Sunday morning last, a man descended a well at the sugar house in Pine street, for the purpose of taking up a piece of meat which had fallen, and was immediately deprived of the power of helping himself; upon which another man descended to assist him, who was also thus taken, and there perished together. The subjects of this melancholy catastrophe are Philip Myer and Matthew Nipolt. Whether it was the corrupt state of the air in the well, or the difference between the heat of their bodies and that air, which produced this unhappy effect, remained a question, until about twelve o'clock, when a man descended gradually to ascertain the fact, and found a sensible change; another then tried in like manner, in order to raise the dead bodies, but also returned, the air being so dense that a candle extinguished four feet from the surface. The well was then fumigated, and two men descended and raised the dead bodies in safety. This is one of the many instances of the kind which has happened in this and foreign countries.

Extract of a letter from Philadelphia, of Sep. 7.

"The greatest consternation and alarm prevail here in consequence of the repeated assurances we receive of the deplorable situation of New-York. You will therefore not be surprised at our citizens stopping all communications between the two cities, when I acquaint you that it is currently reported and believed that upwards of fifteen hundred persons have already fallen victims to the prevailing mortal contagion, and that a few days since no less than two hundred carcases were brought to the Battery and burnt in a heap. We also learnt from the latest accounts, that the great guns from the Battery are fired in every street, the explosions of which had brought several of the largest houses in the city to the ground! May God in his mercy, purify you—Farewell!"

TO THE CITIZENS OF PHILADELPHIA.  
COUSINS,

We are all popping off here like rotten sheep. Two hundred carcases have been burned on the battery—500 hanged for fear of catching the Yellow Fever, and about 35 or 40 guillotined—all the windows in town are broken by the firing of cannon—several of our seven story houses have fallen down *flam bang* of their own accord—Federal Hall has got a *fit of the fidgets*, and two yearling pigs have died of the measles—pray send us about 100,000 dollars to stop the contagion, and it may compensate us in some measure for an attempt to make our vessels ride 40 days quarantine in European ports.

NEW-YORK.  
[Daily Gaz.]

Extract of a letter from a merchant in Cadiz to his correspondent in this city dated July 10,

"This day an express arrived here with an account of the Portuguese having made peace with the Algerines; therefore if the Americans should not be able to do the same, it will be dangerous for any of them to venture this way, until some compromise takes place.—The Moors, who had detained two Swedes, have liberated them, and have given them five months to bring on their yearly presents, which by the latest accounts from Stockholm were already embarked; so that there is no vessel now so secure as a Swede."

Extract of a letter from a gentleman at Norfolk to his friend in Philadelphia, dated the 12th of August.

"A fever rages here so violently, that there is not been fewer than from five to eight buried daily for ten days past; some of our most respectable merchants are dead, and numbers now lying in a dangerous situation; there is a general gloom over the countenance of every person you meet—some say it is the Yellow Fever; two or three days illness carries them off."

BOSTON, August 26.

By an arrival here from Nantz, on Sunday, we have been favoured with French papers to July 2. They contain an account of the naval action between their fleet, and the British under Lord Bridport, which differs from that already published in but few particulars. The French say that the English fleet consisted of 22 sail of the line, besides frigates; theirs of but 12 sail of line, two 64's cut down, 8 frigates, and a few smaller vessels. They mention the loss of the Tyger, Formidable, and Alexander; and that the English fleet still remained in Quiberon bay. That they had landed at Croisic from 5 to 10 thousand emigrants, who were to join the Chouans, who are still in rebellion in the vicinity of Mantz. These events depress not the spirits of the people in the least.

After the battle, Lord Bridport summoned the French to surrender, and to acknowledge Louis XVII. but the General returned a spirited answer, declaring that he and his soldiers had sworn to die Republicans, that they would perish at their posts, rather than the slaves of England should boast of having possession of Bellisle.

August 29.

We learn by private letters from Bilbao, in Spain, of as late as July 6, that the war was carried on in that quarter with the greatest activity and inveteracy. A few days before the date of the last letters, the French attacked, and carried the Spanish lines, with great slaughter on both sides; and at the time of writing the letters the French and Spanish were continually engaged, with various success. The first arrival from that quarter must we think, bring the details of important advices.

J. Vanderpool

**I**NFORMS the Public, and his Customers in general, that his business is carried on by him at No. 75, Pearl-street, and no where else. This information is given, as several persons have called at his former shop, opposite the Post Office and have been served in his name. Sep. 5. tf

**Genuine Anderson's Pills,**  
Just Received and for Sale at this Office, also  
**Godfrey's Cordial.**

**FIG BLUE,**

Manufactured and Sold, at No. 64, Nassau-Street

## Court of Hymen.

### MARRIED

On Wednesday evening the 26th ult. by the Rev. Gersham Sexias, Mr. DAVID SIMONS, of Petersburg, (Virg.) to Miss DEBORAH ABRAMS, of this city.

On Thursday evening the 27th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Livingston, Mr. CHARLESTON JOHNSON, to Miss CATHARINE BAYARD, daughter of Nicholas Bayard, Esq. all of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Kuntzie, Mr. JOHN KOHLEVAGEN, of Surinam, to Miss VAN HAGEN, daughter of Mr. Van Hagen, of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, FELIX DE ST. HILAIRE, Esq. to Miss MARGARET SMITH, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, CHARLES ADAMS, Esq. to Miss SALLY SMITH, both of this city.

On Sunday last, by the Rev. Mr. Moore, Mr. DANIEL NOSTRAND, of Oyster-Bay, (L. I.) to Miss DURYEE, of South-Hempstead.

Just Published, by the Printer hereof, and for sale at his Office, at the moderate price of *Five Shillings*, neatly Bound and Lettered,

## Entertaining Novelist

OR,  
**New Pocket Library,**  
OF  
**AGREEABLE ENTERTAINMENT.**

CONTAINING THE FOLLOWING STORIES:

The Heir of the House of Oldfield,  
Story of Patty Ashford,  
The Vicar's Tale,  
Wolkmar and Fanny,  
The Force of Love,  
The Castle of Costanzo,  
Solyman and Almena,  
Mahmut and Idris,  
The Chevalier Bayard and Madame de Randan,  
Celadon and Amelia,  
Edmund and Maria, or the Peaceful Villa,  
The Honorable Seducer, or the History of Olivia Fanny, or the Happy Repentance,

Here Stories Wonderful are told,  
To fill with joy the Young and Old—  
And while Events most Strange we find,  
Delight shall with Surprise be join'd.

### FOR SALE.

**A** Very convenient two story frame house, finished last May, containing two rooms and a Bed Room on a floor, with a good Celler, Kitchen, and a commodious Garret, has a large Yard with Pump and other conveniences; stands on a lease for 8 years, subject to a ground rent of 30l. per annum.—It is situated in Oliver-street, No. 51, and is an eligible stand for almost any kind of Business.—For terms of sale, and further particulars, enquire on the premises, of

HENRY HILMAN.

New-York Sep. 5, 1795.

82.—tf.

PRINTERS INK,

**M**ANUFACTURED and sold by JACOB FEE, No. 1, Magazine-street, near the Tea-Water-Pump, New-York.



## Court of Apollo.

### PRUDENCE AND PASSION.

**P** RUDENCE keeps company that's vastly sober;  
Prudence is mildly breathing smiling May,  
So full of balmy blossoms, all so gay:  
Passion, the mad, wide wasting wild October.  
Prudence, a pretty, pleasing stealing rill,  
Winning with easy lapse its winding course.  
Passion, a torrent rough, from hill to hill;  
Tumbling and tearing, drowning man & horse.  
Prudence is also a fresh water eel,  
So calmly gliding thro' the liquid glass;  
Passion, a porpoise—tempests at his heel,  
Flound'ring amid ocean's thund'ring mafs.  
Prudence is that small pleasing worms of light,  
The mild hedge-regent of the dewy night;  
A little moon to many an insect race,  
Who by her silv'ry radiance finds their way,  
Nibble the fairest flow'rs, and sip and play;  
Gaze on their love, dance, ogle, and embrace.  
Passion's a meteor, skipping here and there,  
Hopping o'er hedge and ditch and fen & pool,  
Amidst his wild and fierce and mad career,  
Making himself indeed a downright fool:  
And after all, what is this, thing of caper?  
A simple child of stinking mud and vapor.

### A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF THE EFFECTS OF SURPRISE.

**A** N attorney being grievously afflicted with the gout, which had confined him several weeks to his chamber, launched out into all those extravagances of passion which generally attend that excruciating disorder. His pain was so excessive, that, though at other times he was not addicted to profaneness of speech, he upon this occasion exercised his tongue in the most bitter invectives, cursing his leg, and wishing the d—l and d—n might rid him of it, rather than suffer him to undergo such torture and pain.—A chimney-sweeper had been directed to come that day to sweep the kitchen chimney: he sent his boy before him with a message that he would immediately follow: the boy, in order to prepare for his master's coming, got up the chimney to observe the state of it, but in coming down he mistook his course, and came down the chimney of the chamber where the attorney was sitting cursing his gouty leg. To account for the boy's mistake, it must be observed, that both the kitchen and chamber chimneys had the same funnel to convey out the smoke. The boy, seeing the attorney, made his obeisance in his way, and said, "Your servant, Sir; my master is coming immediately." The attorney, forgetting, or probably being unacquainted with the circumstance of the chimney being to be swept, thought that the imprecations he had uttered had really called forth the d—l; he was therefore so agitated with idea, that, forgetful of the disorder he laboured under, he jumped off his chair, and, to the astonishment of all the family, went down into the kitchen as though the gout had never visited him; but, what was more extraordinary, he has never since been in the least troubled with it.

### M A X I M.

**T**O the honor of virtue it must be acknowledged, that the greatest misfortunes befall men from their vices.

## Books and Stationary,

Just received, and for sale, by  
**JOHN HARRISON,**  
At his Book Store & Printing Office, No. 3, Peck-slip.

**Q**UARTO Bibles, with Plates, Apocrypha, and Psalms,  
Pocket do. fine paper, elegantly bound, 2 vols.  
do. do. plainly do. 2 vols.  
do. do. in one neat pocket vol.  
New Testament, large print, octavo,  
Knox's History of the Reformation of Religion in Scotland, elegant edition, quarto,  
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August 25, 1795.

81---3m.

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4<sup>th</sup> 17

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Feb. 14, 1795.

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August 8, 1795.

78---tf.

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Aug. 8.

78 tf

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